*Fal.* What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

*Miſ.Ford.* There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Miſ.Ford.* Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

*Fal.* Ile goe out then.

*Miſt.Ford.* If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

*Miſ.Ford.* How might we diſguiſe him?

*Miſ.Page.* Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

*Miſ.Ford.* My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

*Miſ.Page.* On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

*Miſ.Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

*Miſ.Page.* Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

*Miſ.Ford.* I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

*Miſ.Page.* Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

*Miſ.Ford.* But is my husband comming?

*Miſ.Page.* I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

*Miſt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY O